

RUINED, THEY FEAR, BY THEFT

THE BERRESFORDS MEET AN OCEAN GOING CROOK.

He Got Their \$4,500, in the Shape of a Draft on London, Which the London Bank Cashied for Him—But the Bank May Have to Make Good.

Two months ago, James Berresford was a dairyman in Ohio. He had thirty cows, a wagon, and \$3,000 in bank. It had taken him seventeen years to make the \$3,000, since he began with one cow and his little English girl wife to deliver the milk.

Yesterday Berresford and his wife sat on the dirty quilts of a little smelly room in Ninth avenue. She'd been out looking for work all day and was crying with weariness and disappointment. He was lying awake, thinking, after a night of labor at boy's wages. He had just 72 cents in his pocket and not another cent in the world. It was the end of an exceptionally large and cruel confidence game, in which had been played a big part—for he lost his all finally by three minutes delay in the delivery of a telegram.

"And I worked so 'ard for it!" said Berresford. "My Gawd, 'ow could a man 'ave the meanness to do it?"

The dairy business was rather slack in Ohio last summer, and Berresford, looking it all over, made up his mind to follow the dream he'd had for seventeen years—a little place at home in Staffordshire, where he could bring up the 'kids. There were three of them, 12, 9 and 2½ years old. He sold out and travelled to New York.

When he was ready to sail he turned \$4,500 into a draft on London. He had about \$500 besides, and a savings ticket to Liverpool. He put all this in an inside pocket, and planned it in.

In the steamer he met the suave stranger, W. Roberts, the stranger called himself. He said that he was English by birth, and late of Salt Lake City. A great talker, full of jokes, and popular, when the steerage passengers gave their concert he was chosen chairman by acclamation. Berresford was a little flattered when the popular Roberts picked him for a friend. They used to sit smoking on deck, and Berresford told one night of the little place he hoped to buy if he could find a good bargain.

"I think I can help you," said Roberts. "I'll be travelling about the country quite a bit on my bicycle. If I hear of anything I'll let you know."

When they parted at the dock on the other side Roberts spoke of this again and took Berresford's English address—The Potteries, Staffordshire.

Three days later Berresford got a letter, a most cordial one, from the popular Mr. Roberts. Running about the country on his bicycle, Roberts had found the very place. The cattle could be bought at a low price because the owner had to sell quick. Berresford wrote back, making inquiries. He remembered now that he signed the letter with his full, legal signature. Roberts wrote, making an engagement to meet his man at Liverpool at 9 o'clock that night. Berresford came on. Roberts had a nice room. He cooked a good supper. And next morning they started out to see that farm.

But on the way, they stopped at the General Post Office. And there Roberts got a letter—in his own handwriting—saying that the farm was sold.

"Too bad," he said, "but we'll look about a bit. I know of other places, and you can bunk here with me. I suppose you've got the money ready?"

"Right in my inside pocket," said Berresford.

Two days they stayed together. All Roberts's fine openings turned out to be dreams, and on the second day Berresford got suspicious.

"I didn't fancy the way 'e looked at me," he says. "Taking too much interest in my affairs." So Berresford said that he was going back to the Potteries next day. Roberts asked more questions about the money.

"An' I told 'im 'e 'ad any business to go about it," says Berresford. Roberts took the hint and went away. Berresford put his waistcoat, containing the draft and banknotes, under his pillow, and turned in. Something woke him about 11 o'clock. He doesn't know what it was, but he guesses. When he had rubbed the slumber out of his eyes, he saw Roberts sitting by the bed reading a newspaper.

"Why don't you go to bed?" said Berresford.

"I can't sleep," said Roberts. He walked to the door and asked, "Will you come and walk a bit?" His voice was trembling.

Berresford noticed the tremor and thought of his money.

He drew out his waistcoat and looked. The pocket was empty. He was short a \$4,500 draft and six \$5 bank notes.

Berresford drew on his trousers and tore out of doors. At the very door he met a policeman and told him. It was a regular English "bobby." He took it calmly.

"Come down to headquarters, my man," he said.

"But if we run, maybe we can catch him!" cried Berresford. For answer, the policeman put him under arrest.

At headquarters they took it calmly. They took Berresford's name, age and story, and warned him that anything he said might be used at the trial. After the draft, that could wait until morning. Had he stopped payment on it?

And then it came to Berresford all at once that he didn't know the name of the London bank it was drawn on—only the name of the New York firm from which he bought it. He had a police messenger send a cablegram at once to the New York firm.

He wanted to ask the New York firm to wire their "stop payment" order to the London bank direct and save time, but the police wouldn't let him.

"We're doing this," said the sergeant. Let the answer go to the London police.

On an early train Berresford and a detective started for London.

The New York firm's cablegram, naming the bank—the Credit Lyonnais—reached the London police at five minutes past five in the morning. There was some delay in assigning a sergeant to accompany Berresford.

At a quarter past a well-dressed man—W. Roberts beyond a doubt—entered the Credit Lyonnais and presented a draft for \$4,500 drawn to James Berresford. He inclosed it. The teller didn't think that the indorsement agreed with Berresford's recorded signature.

"Oh, I never write with standing up," said "Berresford." So he sat down and tried again. It satisfied the teller, who paid down \$400 in Bank of England notes and the stranger pocketed them and sauntered out.

Three minutes later by the clock, Berresford and the London detective reached the bank.

Scotland Yard was notified, but W. Roberts couldn't be found. After two days of frantic search, Berresford broke his last sovereign to wire his wife the news. She left her children at the Potteries.

There was nothing for it but to begin all over again in America, the land of opportunity. A London newspaper published the story and some kind-hearted reader sent a little and agreed to care for the children. Mr. and Mrs. Berresford took passage back to the United States.

They sat on the little old bed yesterday and held hands like children in trouble and said the litany of their sufferings.

"If they'd only called straight to the bank!"

"If you'd only banked it in Liverpool!"

"If I'd only started 'ome w'en I first saw Roberts!"

"If we only 'ad the children with us!"

"I'm old to begin again," went on Ber-

resford. "When I was 20 I could do anything, but it's 'ard beginning in the city. I can only carry milk cans. If 'e'd left me only five 'undred I could begin again!"

The London police circular describes "W. Roberts" as follows:

Aged 50 years, 5 feet 7 or 8, medium build, fair complexion, brown hair and mustache, wore black overcoat, blue serge jacket, very broad ribbed, dark blue serge vest and trousers, light cloth cap, cap, brown socks, boots, speaks with slight American accent, wears eyeglasses when reading. The eyes, he is evidently an expert travelling thief, and it is thought probable that he will endeavor to reach America by one of the steamers sailing from the Continent.

Roberts said that he'd been in a crookery store in New York and that "the boss" in the place had an adopted son, who married a year or two ago.

The Berresfords have only one hope. A lawyer in Liverpool thinks that he may be able to hold the bank responsible for accepting the forgery. He is now pressing the case. There wouldn't be much question over here; the bank would have to pay for its own mistake; but how the English law looks at it may be another matter.

SEERESS'S WORD MADE GOOD.

Levandowsky Was Sick After Taking the Magic Elixir—Prophecy to Stop.

Mrs. Pauline Price of 199 East Third street was in the Yorkville police court yesterday, on the complaint of Wladyslaw Levandowsky of 418 Oakland street, Brooklyn, that she was a fortune teller, and a poor one. The accused has a husband and nine children.

The complainant said that one day last October he and a friend were walking through East Third street when he saw in a window a sign which read that for \$1 the past, the present and the future would be revealed. Levandowsky said he was curious to see what the future had in store for him, so the two went inside and were received by Mrs. Price, the seeress.

"Cross my palm with \$1 and I will draw back the veil from your future," the woman said to him.

The visitor pulled out a considerable roll of bills and put one on her palm. He thought she showed considerable curiosity in regard to the state of his soul, but she interrupted his train of thoughts by asking:

"Which will you have, coffee grounds or cards?"

"What's the difference?" he wanted to know.

She explained that coffee grounds covered a greater range and would cost \$5. The cards were only \$1.

He said he'd have his fortune told by cards, and the prophetic proceeded to disclose his future in this fashion, as far as he could remember it yesterday.

"You're from Poland, eh? I see gold all about this charming young woman. She must be rich. I see an altar and orange blossoms. You will marry her. If I see a 'obstacle here,' she went on as she shuffled the cards.

She remained silent for a time and then Levandowsky said she looked him in the face and said it was too bad that he should lose such a beautiful young woman with all the money because he was sick and likely to die.

"But I was never sick in my life," he responded.

"I know better. You are sick. I can see it by your nose. My great powers show it to me," she declared.

She informed him that there was one ray of hope. She possessed an elixir that was unknown to the medical fraternity and that could cure him. She offered to give him a sample vial of the elixir, he said, for 50 cents. He bought it, and she instructed him to come back in a week and bring \$10 with him.

When he got home, he told the Court, he drank the stuff like a shot, and he was cured, he was sick. So sick was he that the physician who attended him said he was lucky to pull through. When he was finally able to leave the house he went to the Fifth street station and related his experience. Detective Butler went with him to the home of the seeress and arrested her.

"My husband is a barber and only makes \$4 a week, so I tell fortunes to help support the family. I didn't know it was wrong," she said to Magistrate Moses.

"Will you promise to stop fortune telling and take the sign from the window?" the Magistrate asked her.

She said she would, so the Magistrate paroled her until Tuesday, when he will dispose of the case.

BOY BEGGED A TRANSFER.

Car Inspector Had Him Looked Up—"Get Out Next Time," Said Court.

Leo Herman, who is 15 years old and lives at 728 Leonard street, Greenpoint, Long Island, accepted yesterday from a passenger a transfer to a Broadway car at Astor Place. Ernest Webster, a street car inspector, saw the transfer of the transfer. Saying nothing to the man who gave it, he followed the boy to a Broadway car, and when the boy offered the slip to the conductor, Webster arrested him.

"I don't think the boy knew he was breaking the law," said Policeman Rose, to whom the boy was turned over, to Magistrate Barlow in the Jefferson Market court. "I had to arrest him."

Magistrate Barlow turned to Webster, who appeared as complainant, and asked: "Why didn't you have the man arrested that gave him the transfer? He was more guilty than the boy."

"The company insists that this thing be stopped and we are going to stop it," declared Webster.

"I hate to hold this boy and have him mix with criminals," said Magistrate Barlow.

"He committed a misdemeanor," remarked Webster.

"I shall have to hold the prisoner for trial, \$100 bail," concluded Magistrate Barlow, with evident reluctance. "Next time," he added, "bring in the man. He would ruin the boy."

Young Herman was led away to a cell. He is an industrious errand boy in a downtown broker's office. He says he paid his fare yesterday, but he was caught, and then having lost his own, asked another passenger for one that he did not want.

DYING PROTEST OF HONESTY.

Post Office Inspector Dice Says He Always Did His Duty.

St. Louis, Nov. 12.—Col. George A. Dice, postal inspector in charge of Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska and Arkansas, died today. Last night he dictated a statement to his son, in which he answered certain innuendoes that his inactivity had enabled the Arnold-Ryan get rich quick concerns to harvest millions from their victims.

During five years in New Orleans Col. Dice directed the investigations into some of the greatest mail frauds ever prosecuted. His life was clouded by the publication of reports of the possibility of his removal and censure by the Post Office Department at Washington for what was claimed to be his inactivity in the Arnold-Ryan scheme, exposed two years ago. The reports so grieved him that he made this dying statement.

"I was the chief prosecuting witness in the Louisiana Lottery case. It was due to my efforts, more than to any other person, that the Federal Government, in 1900, was enacted against lotteries, thereby giving that iniquitous lottery, thereby crushing blow it has ever received at the hands of the Post Office Department. The records of the Department at Washington said at all times the faithful and intelligent manner and with which I discharged my duties during the twenty-two years of my service. I make this statement in defence of my official integrity, which, in a measure, was attacked by the scandalous assault upon my official conduct."

On Monday last Mr. Dice became so ill that Mrs. Finnan was sent for. Mrs. Finnan

THOUSANDS OF FAIR WOMEN HERALD PRAISES OF PE-RU-NA.

Catarrah and Catarrhal Diseases Make Invalids of More Women Than All Other Ailments Combined.



Suffered Long With Catarrh.

Miss Clara Case, 715 9th street, N. W., Washington, D. C., writes:

"I can think of no event in my life that fills me with more gratitude and at the same time a sense of future security as a cure after long suffering from catarrh brought about by using Peruna as directed. It has completely cured me."—Clara Case.

Entire System Toned by Per-na.

Miss Mary Bennett, 1619 Addison Ave., Chicago, Ill., writes:

"A few months ago I contracted a cold by getting my feet wet, and although I used the usual remedies I could not shake it off."

"I finally took Peruna. In a week I was better. After several weeks I succeeded in ridding myself of any trace of a cold, and besides the medicine had toned up my system so that I felt splendid."—Mary Bennett.

Physicians Had Given Up the Case—Now Entirely Well.

Miss Gertrude Linford, Vice President Parkside Whist Club and teacher of Whist, 221 Niagara street, Buffalo, N. Y., writes:

"Peruna has effectively cured me after physicians had practically given up my case."

"For a long time I suffered with catarrh of the kidneys, had a weakness and pain in the back, lost flesh rapidly, my feet were swollen, my face was puffed under the eyes and I had a yellow sallowness of the skin."

"I took Peruna for some time and am entirely well. I cannot endorse Peruna too strongly."—Gertrude Linford.

If you suffer from catarrh in any form, do not delay. Take Peruna at once. Delays are dangerous.

Miss Nalley's Story—Short, but Interesting to Every Woman.

Miss Addie Nalley, 187 D street, S. E., Washington, D. C., writes:

"A cough, the grip, catarrh of the meanest kind—all sorts of remedies, home, patent and prescribed by doctors, and no relief—that tells my story, a story of suffering and distress that lasted four years."

"Then—three bottles of Peruna—catarrh gone, appetite and strength returned—a happy woman, and none more grateful for the blessing of health—that is what Peruna has done for me."—Addie Nalley.

A reward of \$10,000 has been deposited in the Market Exchange Bank, Columbus, Ohio, as a guarantee that the above testimonials are genuine; that we hold in our possession authentic letters certifying to the same. During many years' advertising we have never used a single spurious testimonial.

ART SALES AND EXHIBITIONS.

THE FIFTH AVENUE ART GALLERIES,

368, 368 Fifth av. (near 34th st.).

James P. Silo, Auctioneer.

Executor's Absolute Sale.

Collection of Paintings

Belonging to the Estate of the Late

James McCormick

(formerly member of the N. Y. Stock Exchange),

CONSISTING OF

Masterpieces of Ancient and Modern Art

(both verified and attributed).

The SALE will take place upon the EVENINGS of WEDNESDAY,

THURSDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY of THIS WEEK, AT 8:15, AT

THE GALLERIES.

NOW ON EXHIBITION and throughout the week.

CRAZED BY EMPTY GOSSIP.

TWO SISTERS SENT TO ASYLUMS FOR THE INSANE.

Neighbors Talked and Children Worried Them With Taunting Cries Until They Gave Up Their Little Candy Store and at Last Lost Their Reason.

Gossip and scandal spread by jealous neighbors of the two Ryan sisters, who lately kept a candy store at 272 Wyckoff avenue, Brooklyn, unbalanced the mind of one of the sisters and she is now in the Kings County Asylum for the Insane. Mrs. John Finnan, a third sister, is also in an asylum at Kings Park, L. I., broken down by her sister's plight and the talk that led up to it. Both are in a serious condition, but it is thought that after a good rest their reason may be restored.

The three sisters started their candy store about twelve years ago and made money. Then one of them married John Finnan, a letter carrier, and went to live with him at 180 Chauncey street, leaving the business to the others, Mollie and Josephine. As the neighborhood became more and more built up the trade of the women's store grew in proportion and they were known to nearly every one for blocks around. According to those who knew them well, they worked hard and paid no attention to the affairs of others.

The Ryan sisters were the most prosperous persons in the neighborhood and some German women who lived nearby became jealous. The two women lived alone and soon scandalous tongues began to mention that fact as though it was significant. Neighbors, who seemed to have plenty of time to watch others in the vicinity and discuss their affairs, kept a constant watch on the candy store. Children began to act strangely toward the Ryans, too, derisively as they were called. They didn't get married, yelled "old maid," and otherwise worried the two women.

The sisters heard the talk and noticed the way in which they were watched. Josephine was so much affected that she discussed it with a friend and said she couldn't bear to have the neighbors talking about her as they were doing. She admitted that the talk had worried her and her sister Mollie greatly. Her friend said she would try to contradict the false stories that were going around, but the neighborhood continued to talk and then Mollie's health began to give way.

The sisters disposed of their shop, but continued to live over the store as they had done and brood over the gossip that was making them unwilling to appear on the streets.

On Monday last Mollie became so ill that Mrs. Finnan was sent for. Mrs. Finnan

AUCTION SALES.

GEO. D. MORSE, AUCTIONEER.

R. L. Drew & Co. will offer at auction, Monday

Nov. 20, at 10 o'clock, a collection of United States and Foreign Stamps. Sale begins at 8 o'clock sharp.

BODIES IN WRONG PLOTS.

About 200 Graves Opened and Some of the Corpses Stolen.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Nov. 12.—Through a series of mistakes in cemetery records a large number of bodies buried in Floyd Cemetery are missing, and it is believed that ghouls, profiting by knowledge of errors, have stolen the bodies.

As a result, over 200 graves have been opened, the bodies taken out and efforts are being made toward identifying them. More are to be opened. Sexton Hansen has had charge of the work and has identified and reburied all but 130 bodies.

BUTTED DOWN GLASS CANOPY.

Auto Wagon Takes to Sidewalk in Front of Dewey Theatre—One Man May Die.

An auto truck belonging to the Vacuum Cleaning Company of 72 Trinity Place zigzagged through East Fourteenth street at 1 o'clock yesterday morning. Opposite the Dewey Theatre it took to the sidewalk and ran into the iron columns supporting a glass and iron canopy which extended over the sidewalk from the theatre.

The columns gave way and the canopy fell and caught four pedestrians under it. Police rescues, ambulances and fire engines were summoned, and there was much excitement for a time.

The only one seriously injured was John Faber of 176 Madison avenue. He was taken to Bellevue Hospital with a fracture of the skull and both legs broken.

Police rescues, ambulances and fire engines were summoned, and there was much excitement for a time.

The President to Attend the Dedication of a Parochial School.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 12.—President Roosevelt will attend the dedication of the new parochial buildings of St. Patrick's Roman Catholic Church in Washington on Sunday, Nov. 20. He will make an address, and if the weather is fair he will deliver the address from the steps of one of the new buildings on D street. The ceremony will also be the occasion of the opening of the new building and the anniversary of the birth of the parish.

H.O'Neil & Co.

Women's Suits in Short Effects. Several Exceptional Values for Monday.

(Third Floor.)

Blouse and Eton models, made of the finest Broadcloths and Cheviots richly trimmed with silk braidings, etc. The Coats are all made over silk—new plaited skirts—strictly high-class suits made from the best foreign models.

Broadcloth Suits. Regular price \$35.00 to \$45.00; at..... \$25.00

Cheviot and Broadcloth Suits. Regular price \$35.00 to \$45.00; at..... \$35.00

ALSO

Women's Severely Plain Tailored Suits. Long Coat model, lined with grey satin, plaited skirts, black, blue and brown—value \$37.50; special at..... \$25.00

Women's Winter Coats, For Monday at Very Special Prices.

Women's Cheviot and Kersey Cloth Coats—medium length, semi-fitting collarless models, lined with satin—value \$15.00; special at..... \$9.75

Women's Warm Montague Coats—beautifully tailored, with stitching, double breasted, velvet collar, lined with satin—value \$18.00; Monday..... \$15.00

Women's Tourist Coats—in heavy weight mixtures, dark colors, lined to waist with satin—value \$17.50; Monday..... \$12.00

Women's Broadcloth Coats—fifty inches long, richly trimmed; loose, lined with white satin—value \$48.00; Monday..... \$26.50

Specials for Monday in Our New Fur Quarters.

Alaska Sable Scarfs, Black Lynx Victorines, Labrador Mink Ties, Scarfs and Muffs, Baum Marten Sets, and all the new Fur at much less than usual prices.

SABLE FOX BOAS—34 inches long, full, large cluster tails and claws—value \$8.75; Monday..... \$5.90

SABLE FOX SCARFS—48 inches long, full, very large brush tails and claws—value \$12.00; Monday..... \$8.75

ISABELLA and SABLE FOX VICTORINES—70 inches long—extra fine Siberian skins—value \$35.00; Monday..... \$19.75

BROWN FOX SHAWL CAPES—lined with satin—value \$35.00; Monday..... \$25.00

Special for Monday and Tuesday In Silk Department.

(First Floor.)

We offer a special purchase of All Silk Chiffon finish Peau de Cygne, in a full line of street and evening shades, also white, ivory and cream. This is one of this season's most popular styles in silk fabrics, and adapted for complete Suits or Separate Waist; special per yard..... 55c

Usual retail price 89c. per yard.

New Sheer Dress Fabrics.

New Importations in Black and Colors.

(First Floor.)

Hard twisted Wool Voiles, Silk and Wool Lollaines, Silk and Wool Crepe—very full and complete lines in all colors—excellent values at \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.35 and \$1.50 per yard.

These goods are all perfect, absolutely reliable and very superior values at the prices quoted.

On Special Tables.

110 pieces of a very popular Dress Fabric (wool Cheviots), some of which are shrunk and sponged—colors and black; special per yard..... 69c

An Important Sale To-Morrow of Belgium Table Linens

(First Floor.)

We will place on sale to-morrow 1,600 superfine handloom Damask Cloths in very desirable new and exclusive patterns, some with Napkins to match. These are unquestionably the best values ever offered at retail in any New York Store.

Specimen Values:

Special, 3.50 4.98 5.98 6.50 7.25 8.25 9.00 10.00

Value, 3.50 7.75 8.75 9.25 12.00 12.25 13.00 17.25